

FRANCIS JOSEPH I.

The Popular Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary.

A Sovereign Who Both Reigns and Rules—Recoupment of Hapsburgs for Their Losses in Italy Is His Chief Aim.

"Quick of apprehension, has a safe, circumspect manner of judging with simplicity and openness of demeanor that beget confidence." Such was the pronouncement of Count Von Bismarck on the emperor of Austria after his first interview with him some nine-and-thirty years ago. There is little to add to it and still less to take from it to-day, says Black and White. What Francis Joseph was then he is now. The only change in his character wrought by the fleeting years has, perhaps, been a deepening of its shadows. He himself, we believe, has said he will probably be known in history as Francis Joseph the Unlucky, and alike in his public and private life, misfortune, sorrow, blighted ambitions and deferred hopes have intensified the tinge of pensive melancholy which has shadowed his life.

Born in 1830, Francis Joseph at the age of eighteen succeeded to the throne of his uncle abdicated, after the revolt of the Magyars had shaken the house of Hapsburg to its center. Nothing but the genius of Radetsky and the loyalty of her Slavs saved Austria from ruin in those days, and the savage cruelty with which Hungarian nationality was suppressed roused the wrath of the world. Austria was to all European liberals the symbol of reactionary despotism and military brutality. Lord Palmerston, notoriously pandering to English feeling on the subject, went out of his way to lavish attention on Kossuth and the Magyar refugees, and the young emperor became highly unpopular in England when he threatened to recall his ambassador if they were not stopped. His majesty was very young in statecraft in those days. But for that he probably would not have resented so bitterly the attack made on Gen. Haynau by the draymen in



FRANCIS JOSEPH I., EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA AND KING OF HUNGARY.

Barclay's brewery, when, excited by tales of his brutal floggings of women in Italy and Hungary, they thrashed the hero of Brescia to within an inch of his life when he visited that establishment as a sightseer in 1850. The absence of an Austrian representative at the duke of Wellington's funeral was the Austrian emperor's maladroit retaliation. As Sir Theodore Martin says in his "Life of the Prince Consort," it only provoked the retort that an Austrian representative would have been out of place at the funeral of a great English captain whose campaigns, according to Southey's famous panegyric, were "sullied by no cruelties or crimes, whose laurels were entwined with the amaranths of righteousness, and who on his deathbed might remember his victories among his good works."

The part played by Francis Joseph in regenerated Austria will never be fully appreciated till the history of our time is written. But it must be distinctly understood by those who approach the study of Austrian affairs that in all questions of military or foreign policy the emperor is the government. It must also be understood that the sole aim of his life is to avoid going down to history as the prince under whose rule the dominions of the Hapsburgs diminished. That the policy and resources of the state are bent to one object—the recoupment of the Hapsburgs for their losses in Italy—that is the primary factor in the imperial policy. Hence the intrigues and the imperial visit to the Adriatic, which preceded the rising in Bosnia, precipitated the Russo-Turkish war, and gave to Austria an Ireland carved out of the western provinces of Turkey. Hence Austria goes gliding on with the slow, almost imperceptible motion of a great glacier, eastward to Salonica. A depleted treasury, the suspicions of the Magyars, who view with apprehension the prospect of being swamped by fresh hordes of Slavs, the tendency of the Germans to turn their eyes to Berlin rather than Byzantium, impede the emperor's policy, and force him to pause before obstacles imperfectly esteemed by his people.

There is in our opinion one reason why German, Magyar and Slav agree on at least the one point that the emperor's life is incalculably precious to them. There is not a state in Austria which, if cut adrift from the Hapsburgs, would not in a few years cease to have any distinction or independent natural existence. The German provinces would go to Germany, taking Bohemia with them as another Alsace for Prussia to govern, and Hungary would be to Russia another Poland; to her also by manifest destiny the other Slav states would gravitate.

Enters of Horseflesh.

The consumption of horseflesh has increased wonderfully during the last year in most of the large cities of continental Europe, especially in Berlin, Paris and Vienna. A late economic report says that from 50 to 150 horses are daily slaughtered for market in Paris, the average daily number killed in Berlin being even greater.

A FUTURE MARQUIS.

Little Count Robert San Marzano Goes to School in New York.

Like Little Lord Fauntleroy, New York contains to-day another important little chap, who, according to the World, will one day be a marquis. He is a blonde, too, but too old for curls, and he doesn't talk with the grocer round the corner, for his mamma is not poor, but is the Marquise Helen San Marzano, who lives in luxury in a stately apartment at a Fifth avenue family hotel, the Bristol.

Little Robert, eleven years old, is a grand nephew to a king—Amadeus of Austria, who held the throne of Spain



ROBERT SAN MARZANO.

from 1870 to 1873. The Queen Marie was a sister of his great-grandmother.

He belongs to Company Eight, of the Berkeley battalion, is a bright scholar, a good bicyclist and doesn't look as though his digestion or family pride interfered with his fun in the least.

The lad's grandmother, now living in a small town near Turin, Italy, was once ambassador to the court of Prussia at Berlin, and a life-sized portrait of that beautiful woman now hangs in one of the rich drawing rooms, filled with costly furnishings, of his mother, the Marquise Helen San Marzano.

His father, the present Marquis San Marzano, is a nephew of Cardinal San Marzano, of Rome, and first cousin of Gen. San Marzano, commander in chief of the Italian forces at Massowah, in the late African war.

His mother, la Marquise Helen, was a Miss Gillinder, of New York, another illustration of lovely American women who have married in the nobility.

She is a devout Catholic, and in one of her apartments has fitted up a shrine to the Virgin where tapers burn throughout the day and night, shaded by costly Bohemian glass.

The rooms contain a quantity of rich vases, fine paintings, imported furnishings and gems of art from all over the world. They face on Fifth avenue, and are the ideal surroundings of a marquis, who is also a devoted mother.

The Berkeley school is non-sectarian, and represents most of the millionaire families of the state.

He is considered a bright scholar, belongs to the Legion of Honor battalion, is tall, well built, unaffected and altogether a striking example of sensible American training, a very promising lad.

A BRILLIANT EXOTIC.

Peculiar Buds and Flowers of the Aristolochia Gigas.

There was the other Saturday and Sunday a flower of the *Aristolochia gigas* open in one of the houses at Kew, which, according to the Pall Mall Budget, is an extraordinary plant. The buds resemble a pelican at rest on the



THE ARISTOLOCHIA GIGAS.

water, and the expanded flower is like a large sou'wester hat. The color is a cream yellow veined all over with purple. It is a climber, and the flowers hung from the roof over a sugar-cane in the house where the water lily (*Victoria regia*) is grown. The family of plants to which it belongs is a widespread one, an example, though a rare one, being found in our own birthright, which grows upon ruins and old walls. Besides the use which its common English name suggests this species of plant has undoubtedly medical properties. Thus it is much used in India for the cure of snake bites, acting as it does in preventing the coagulation of the blood, which is one of the peculiar symptoms of blood poisoning. The plant in flower has been in Kew for about two years. There are several buds in stages of progress, all of which will flower provided we are not visited by fogs or frost. Nothing more remarkable has been on exhibition at Kew since the century plant flowered there a few years ago.

Shrewd Arabian Widows.

If an Arab woman who has lost her husband decides to marry again she visits the grave of her husband the night before her second marriage and prays him not to be offended. As, however, she feels that he will be offended, she takes with her a donkey laden with two goat skins filled with water. The prayer ended, she proceeds to pour the water on the grave to keep the first husband cool under the circumstances about to take place, and, having well saturated him, departs.

Too Much Mouth.

A gentleman living on Manhattan avenue, who has a remarkably large mouth, almost as big as that of a river, but whose name we suppress out of regard for our own personal safety, was visited on his birthday by a number of his little nephews and nieces.

"Which of you all did your uncle kiss first?" asked the mother, on the return of the children.

"We all kissed him at the same time. Uncle has such a big mouth, you know, mamma."—Texas Siftings.

Perchance.

A would-be literary woman, whose enthusiasm for Lord Byron's poetical works has led her to name her two boys Harold and Manfred, recently bought a little dog to which she gave the name "Perchance."

Replying to a visitor's comment upon the singular name of the animal she said, knowingly:

"I named him for Byron's dog. Don't you remember the line where the poet says: 'Perchance my dog will howl?'"—Youth's Companion.

Woman's Inconsistency.

A well-known St. Louis man gave vent to the following philosophical reflections:

"Call a girl a spring chicken and she will laugh; call a woman a hen and she gets mad."

"Call a young lady a witch and she will enjoy it; call an old woman a witch and your life will be in danger."

"Call a girl a kitten and she won't take it unkindly; call a woman a cat and she will hate you. Remarkable sex."—Chicago News.

Work by the Hour.

Healthy Wilyum—I hear our friends do brakemen help struck.

Weary Walkers—Vot hez dey struck fur?

Healthy Wilyum—Dey's struck fer shorter hours.

Weary Walkers—Well I allers did think sixty minutes wuz too long fer one hour's work.—Judge.

Luck.

Brown—Old Cobwigger is remarkably superstitious for a man of his intelligence. I saw him pick up an old horseshoe the other day.

Merritt—Yes. He nailed it over that five thousand-dollar vase in his library.

Brown—Did he bring him good luck?

Merritt—It fell down and broke the vase.—Harper's Bazar.

Resignation.

He (delightedly)—So you will marry me?

She (calmly)—On mature consideration I think I will. You don't amount to much, you're homely and awkward, but in Massachusetts you know we have to put up with anything that comes along.—Household Monthly.

Natural History.

Policeman—You must not walk on the grass.

Stranger—There are some sheep over there walking in it.

"Yes, but they are stupid animals."

"Well, what am I? Do you take me for a vegetable or a mineral?"—Texas Siftings.

No Doubt.

Mrs. Gargyle (reading)—A German custom house official assessed as "poultry" a lot of butterflies because they had wings.

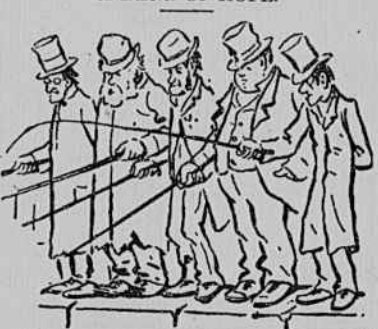
Gargyle—I suppose he'd list a lot of tables as "cattle" if they happened to have four legs.—Judge.

A Desperate Case.

The Judge—What's the charge against this man?

The Policeman—Impersonating an officer, sor. He wor thryin' to help a lady across Broadway at me own corner, yer anner!—Puck.

A BAND OF HOPE.



—Pall Mall Budget.

Might Even Do Him Good.

Mr. Koops—Now, Mose, how did you come to kill that bird?

Mose—Dat's jes' w'at I'se comin' to 'splain, Marse Koops. I done kill dat chicken in se'f-defense!

Mr. Koops—Oh, look here, Mose! A little chicken wouldn't hurt you.

Mose—Ya-as; dat's w'at I thought.—Puck.

Rather Careless.

Polly—So you are really and truly engaged—how did it come about?

Patsy—Well, papa said he didn't care, mamma said she didn't care, Jack said he didn't care, and I'm sure I didn't care, so we became engaged.—Puck.

When a Brave Man Quails.

Patient—Who's that in the next room, doctor, making such a fearful how-de-do?

Dentist—That's Gen. Samson, the hero of forty battles, having a little tooth pulled.—Harper's Bazar.

Another Incident in Johnnie's Life.

Mamma—Johnnie, what are you doing with that mustard plaster?

Johnnie—Puttin' it where papa spanked me. Grandma says it's a good thing to draw out pain.—Household Monthly.

A Mistake.

Teacher (in grammar class)—Tommy, correct the sentence: "I kissed Susan once."

Tommy (promptly)—I kissed Susan twice.—Epoch.

A Man Is Only a Man.

"Do you suppose George could be base enough to marry me for my money?"

"How much have you got?"—Life.

An Excellent Reason.

"So she is to be married at last. What does her fiance look like? Good looking?"

"No."

"Rich?"

"No."

"Talented?"

"No."

"Good family?"

"No."

"Well, why in the world does she marry him, then?"

"Because he is willing to marry her."—Jury.

Made a Difference.

Politician who has been "slammed" by a newspaper (to friend)—That won't make a particle of difference—won't hurt me at all, for the Daily Growler hasn't any circulation to speak of. Has no circulation and no influence.

Friend—But you mistake the paper. The Growler compliments you.

Politician—Oh, that paper, why I should say so. Biggest circulation of any sheet in the state.—Arkansas Traveler.

Forewarned.

"Will you keep anything to drink when you have a home of your own?" asked her father.

"Well, well," stammered the young man. "In cases of sickness I think it well to have some."

"All right," the old man replied. "You can marry my daughter, but don't be surprised if I call on you twice a week and get ill."—Jury.

A Doubtful Case.

The frequency with which a certain man appeared in the courts as a witness has caused considerable excited comment, unfavorable to his veracity.

"Have you not been guilty of perjury in your testimony in this case?" asked a lawyer on the cross-examination.

"Maybe so, but I can't swear to it," was the reply.—Texas Siftings.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER.



"On leaving the hotel we passed through an Avenue of Palms."—Harper's Weekly.

No Profit There.

Superintendent—How is this, Murphy? Ten cents all you took in on your round trip?

Conductor—Yes, sir. I struck an orphan asylum picnic. They went down and back with me, and every one of 'em, savin' the woman in charge, was under age.—Harper's Bazar.

Mitigating Circumstances.

Judge Duffy—You cuffed this boy's ears so that you ruptured his tympanum. What mitigating circumstance, if any, is there for your conduct?

Prisoner—Well, it seems to me his tin panum, or whatever you call it, wasn't worth much in the first place.—Texas Siftings.

Debt's Iron Grip.

Beeche—I think, Howy, the best thing you can do is to make up with the governor, and save your money to pay your debts with.

Gibbon—And wear old clothes? Great Scott! Rocky, I'd ruin my credit forever.—Puck.

Forgot Self.

Tom—In a moment of anger I told him that he was the only ass in the room.

Jack—Didn't you forget yourself, Tom?

Tom's Mental Query—What did Jack mean?—Jury.

Local Pride.

Proud New Mexican—You ought to see the cloud bursts we have out in New Mexico.

Proud Gothamite—Ah! but look at our overhead electric wires and our underground steam pipes.—Household Magazine.

Sometimes the Case.

Stranger (in Jayville)—I can't understand how this little town manages to support two newspapers.

Resident—It doesn't. It supports the Ripper. The Snorter lives on spite.—Chicago Tribune.

True Boston Modesty.

Miss Cabott—Will you please stand in front of me a moment, mamma?

Mrs. Cabott—Certainly, my dear. What is it?

Miss Cabott—My nose itches, and I want to remove my glasses for an instant.—Judge.

Hear! Hear!

Watts—I don't approve of this idea of burying every eminent citizen with a brass band.

Potts—It would not be so bad, though, if they'd bury a brass band with every eminent citizen.—Indianapolis Journal.

At the Fire.

Smith—It's a sad thing to see a big business like this swept away in one night.

Schmitski—Vell, I dunno; he was insured. It vas a quick way of realizing on your stock.—Puck.

Dreadful.

Oh, when will my heart find a cure for the smart That Cupid has left with his mischievous dart! For my pretty typewriter has said she will be A simple amanuensis to me.

Brief but Expressive.

He owned a gun—in it he blew— The gun went off and he did too.

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Religious Notice.

There will be services at Sheridan's Hall, conducted by Rev. Dr. O. F. Flippo at 7:30 to-night. The superintendent of the Baptist mission school there desires all the school to be present for rehearsal, and especially all the committee, as business of importance demands their immediate attention.

The Ladies' Missionary Society and the Ladies' Aid Society will meet at the First Baptist Church this afternoon at 3:30. A full attendance of both societies is earnestly desired.

J. H. Gray Apprehended.

J. H. Gray, the young man who was in the real estate business here several months ago, and who on leaving the city raised M. T. C. Jordan's check from \$6 to \$80, has been apprehended in Knoxville. The authorities wrote here about the matter, but as a friend of Gray's mother came here a short time ago and paid the amount to which the check had been raised it is not likely any action will be taken.

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